as usual; but when I accompanied her upstairs to her apartment, she spoke as a person quite lost to the world. She said her husband's death had prevented her from feeling public calamities or her own danger, and that his loss, with the murder and misfortunes of so many friends, had made her quite tired of her existence. She talked very affectionately of you. Ourica has grown tall, and except that her features are enlarged, nearly as she was. Madame de Beauveau has since learnt that the very day Robespierre fell had been fixed for her execution, that of her brother the Duke de Rohan, and of Madame de Poix. After being separated for eight months, they would have met in the fatal cart.

I have just heard that the people of Loretto having made a show of resistance, Bonaparte had given up the city to be plundered for twenty-four hours.

The report is that Peregrinus Apostolicus has gone to Malta.[1]

I do not know what the Abb6 de Londres has to live upon, unless it be air, for he lodges in a seventh story in the Quai des Orfevres.

I have been dining at Perregaux's with St.

i Pius VI., so designated by an ancient prophecy.